



Second Horseman No. 1. "ULLOAH, DANNY, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKIN' FOR?"

Second Horseman No. 2. "PERKISITES. GUV'NOR'S JUST BEEN OVER 'ERE. 'E JUMPS SO MUCH 'IGHER THAN 'IS ORSE, THERE'S ALWAYS SOME SMALL CHANGE OR SUMMAT TO BE PICKED UP!"

### THE FAD THAT FAILED.

"FATE cannot touch me, I have lunched to-day," he said with simulated hilarity as he came up to me in the club smoking-room.

"How?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I had *purée* of porridge, *consommé* of potatoes and cauliflower *au naturel*. There was something else too of which I know not the name. It looked like green peas wrapped up in porridge, and I declined it. It is a novel sensation. I feel full and empty at the same time."

"What did you do it for?" I demanded.

"I am become a vegetarian," he answered with the air of an early martyr.

"Why?" I asked in surprise, for I had always imagined him to understand the art of dining as well as any man.

"Because," he said, "I do not wish to catch the small-pox, and vegetarians do not catch it."

"Who said so?" I asked again.

"The President of the London Vegetarian Association," he replied. "He said that 'if people would only put their lives in harmony with Heaven's eternal laws of health, there need be no fear of contracting small-pox.'"

"Oh!" I said. "Do you like your diet?"

"I hardly know," he said, thoughtfully. "I feel as if I was becoming emptier every moment. But it is a great thing to be in touch with the eternal laws of health."

"You say that," I assured him, "much as a man who had been drifting about in an open boat in mid-Atlantic for a week, supporting life on one ship's biscuit and a pint of stale water, would mention a life on the ocean wave! Give

it up, and come and have a chop with me. Afterwards you can go and get vaccinated if you are afraid of small-pox."

"I couldn't possibly," he declared. "The President said he hoped vegetarians would do all in their power to counteract the false doctrine that people could be saved from one disease by the inoculation of another!"

"It was very foolish of the President," I suggested.

"Not at all," he returned, warmly. "Besides, I do not want to die yet. Did you see that a Battersea Borough Councillor said that there were more deaths from vaccination than from small-pox?"

"I never did hear much good of Borough Councils yet," I replied; "but I have often heard better things than that. Come and have a chop."

"I think," he said slowly and sadly, "I should like to watch you eat one, but I must not partake myself. Still, I feel so horribly empty that I may take a little bread and cheese."

We left the smoking-room and found a corner table in the dining-room. I ordered my chop and other things, and his eyes grew wistful.

"What do you think of the President's theory?" he said.

"Nothing at all," I replied, shortly.

"And of the Borough Councillor's?"

"Less," I said.

"After all, I think I shall get vaccinated this afternoon," he said, with the air of one who yields an outpost of his creed in order to confirm the inner defences.

Then my chop came, and I began to eat with appetite. He watched in a silence that became almost painful. Suddenly, however, his mouth opened, and he called out in a loud voice, "Waiter! bring me a chop, several chops, and no vegetables!"

## THE PERFECT OAR.

(Respectfully dedicated to the Presidents  
of the two University Boat Clubs.)

ONCE on a dim and dream-like shore,  
Half seen, half recollected,  
I thought I met a lumgum oar  
Ideally perfected.  
To me at least he seemed a man  
Like any of our neighbours,  
Formed on the self-same sort of plan  
For high aquatic labours.

His simple raiment took my eyes :  
No fancy duds he sported,  
He had his rather lengthy thighs  
Exiguously "shorted."  
A scarf about his neck he threw ;  
A zephyr hid his torso ;  
He looked as much a man as you—  
Perhaps a trifle more so.

And yet I fancy you 'll agree,  
When his description 's ended,  
No merely mortal thing could be  
So faultlessly commended.  
I noted down with eager hand  
The points that mark his glory ;  
So grant me your attention, and  
I 'll set them out before ye.

His hands are ever light to catch,  
Their swiftness is astounding :  
No billiard-ball could pass or match  
The pace of their rebounding.  
Then, joyfully released and gay,  
And springy as Apollo's,  
With what a fine columnar sway  
His balanced body follows !

He keeps his sturdy legs applied  
Just where he has been taught to,  
And always moves his happy slide  
Precisely as he ought to.  
He owns a wealth of symmetry  
Which nothing can diminish,  
And strong men shout for joy to see  
His wonder-working finish.

He never rows his stroke in dabs—  
A fatal form of sinning—  
And never either catches crabs  
Or misses the beginning.  
Against his ship the storm-winds blow,  
And every lipper frets her :  
He hears the cox cry, "Let her go !"  
And swings and drives and lets her.

Besides, he has about his knees,  
His feet, his wrists, his shoulders,  
Some points which make him work with  
ease,  
And fascinate beholders.  
He is, in short, impeccable,  
And—this perhaps is oddest  
In one who rows and looks so well—  
He is supremely modest.

He always keeps his language cool,  
Nor stimulates its vigour  
In face of some restrictive rule  
Of dietary rigour.

And when the other men annoy  
With trivial reproaches,  
He is his Captain's constant joy,  
The comfort of his coaches.

When grumblers call the rowing vile,  
Or growl about the weather,  
Our Phoenix smiles a cheerful smile  
And keeps the crew together.  
No "hump" is his—when everything  
Looks black his zeal grows stronger,  
And makes his temper, like his swing,  
Proportionately longer.

One aim is his through weeks of stress :—  
By each stroke rowed to aid work.  
No facile sugared prettiness  
Impairs his swirling blade-work.  
And, oh, it makes the pulses go  
A thousand to the minute  
To see the man sit down and row  
A ding-dong race and win it !

Such was, and is, the perfect oar,  
A sort of river Prince, Sirs ;  
I never met the man before,  
And never saw him since, Sirs.  
Yet still, I think, he moves his blade,  
As grand in style, or grander,  
As Captain of some Happy-Shade  
Elysian Leander. R. C. L.

## THE ROAD TO THE WOOLSACK.

I HAVE received so many applications from candidates for forensic honours to give an opinion upon the *modus operandi* of securing success in the Law Courts that I have determined to devote some of my scanty leisure to addressing the Editor of the leading paper patronised by Bench and Bar on the subject. My correspondents do not desire to be litigants save as agents, in fact they are all anxious to become members of one of the four Inns. Some of them are rather impatient and deprecate delay. One gentleman, who has not yet become even a student, asks me if there "is not some short cut to fame?" Well, I would rather not venture a decided opinion upon the subject. If one becomes personally interested in a Chancery suit, one rapidly secures an insight into the assessment of costs and subjects of a kindred character that may be of great service in the march to prosperity later on. I myself have had such an experience. Some ten or twenty years ago I became a party to an action for administering an estate. I was so active in watching the various parties that when payment of expenses was ordered on further consideration my name appeared in half-a-dozen bills of costs. Not only did I get a good notion of the procedure in chambers, but also obtained a healthy incentive to further work. But it is only right to admit that when the suit commenced I had a



["The after-dinner Ping-pong player is sighing for the invention of a coat . . . to meet table tennisonian requirements."—*Evening News*.]

THE ABOVE IS A DESIGN BY MR. PUNCH'S FASHION-PLATE ARTIST. THE CELLULOID BALLS, IN PLACE OF BUTTONS AND SHOE BUCKLES, AND THE DECORATIVE BATTLEDORES, WOULD BE VERY EFFECTIVE. THE DESIGN OF THE CAP, TOO, WILL BE APPRECIATED BY THOSE WHO CANNOT KEEP THEIR HAIR ON OR STRAIGHT WHILST PLAYING.

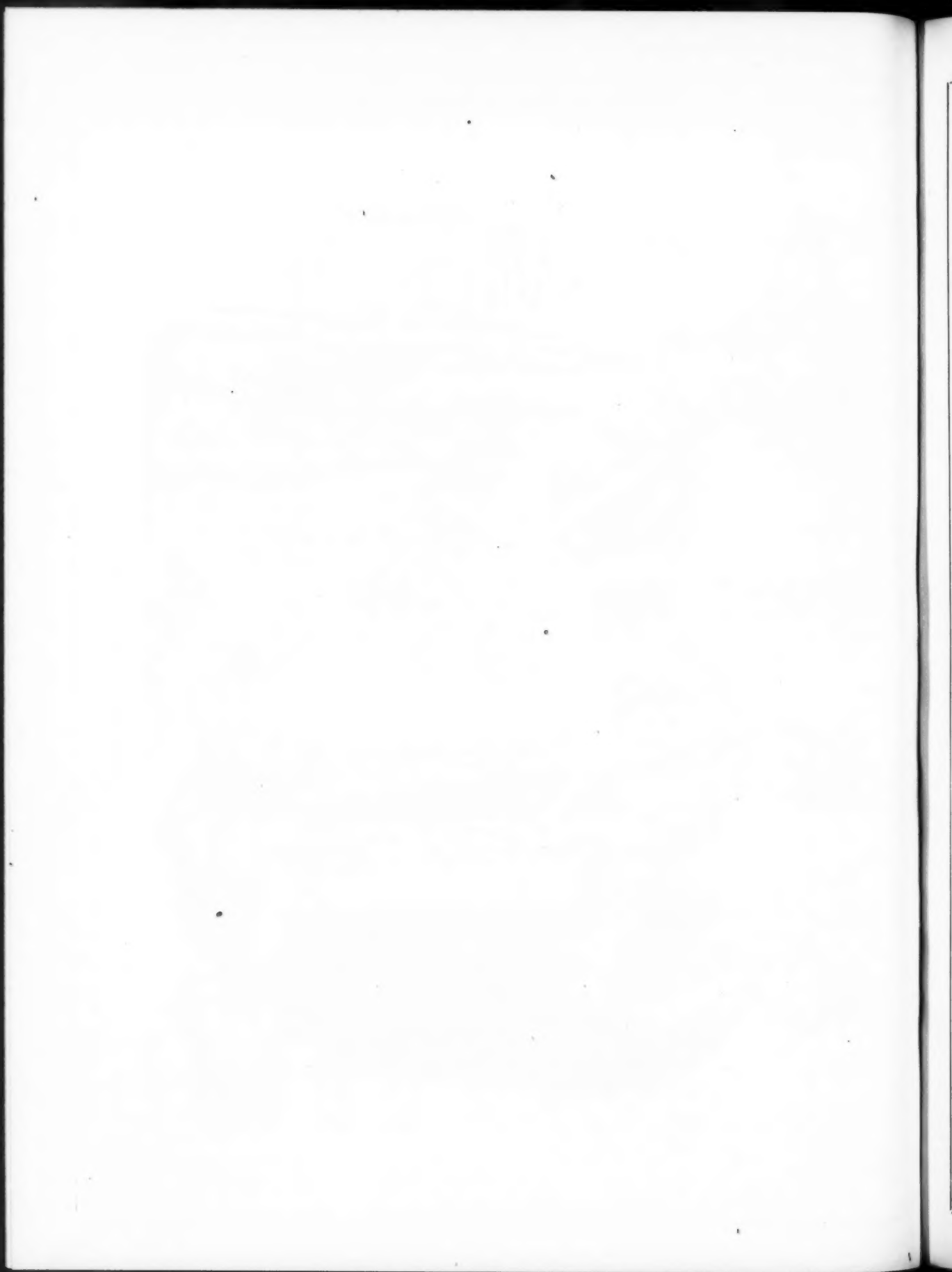
fair competence, but towards its close became poorer. However, it was most interesting to notice the dwindling of the estate in satisfying the clamours of the solicitors. It was certainly the rule that suitors might come and suitors might go, but the *corpus* must remain for ever—to satisfy the *protégés* of the taxing master.

The *esprit de corps* of the profession was certainly—from a forensic point of view—delightful. Whatever the wrangling might be in matters of detail—such as the interests of the parties litigating—the one basis of action (all things being equal) was the protection of the funds in Court for the purpose I have indicated. Whomever or whatever a solicitor might represent, when it came to a question of security for expenses, the stern cry of the lawyer was very properly (from a purely professional point of view) "hands off."



WANTED—AN EMBLEM!  
 "Ere y'are, Gents! You'll want a nice flower for your button-hole. 'Ave one o' my orchids!"  
 Tactful Josephine (to R-s-b-ry and Asq-th).

Bernard Partridge.





I hope, on some future occasion, to point out how easy it is for the student to be called to the outer Bar, to secure the patents of a King's Counsel, and to ascend the Bench, and ultimately become Lord Chancellor. But on the present occasion I have occupied the valuable space placed at my disposal by introductory remarks. I will content myself by answering one of the many questions put to me by stating that I have never allowed myself to become Lord Chancellor because I conscientiously object to mixing up law with politics.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

*Pump Handle Court.*

### THE SONG OF A FIRESIDE RANGER.

I've donned a cloak and leathern hose  
And a feathered hat of felt,  
A rapier keen at my side is seen,  
And I've pistols in my belt;  
I am ready for either open war  
Or the sudden veiled attack;  
And I laugh at the frowns of sullen  
clowns

Who menace behind my back.  
For I'm off to the land of stern romance  
Where arrogant heroes ride,  
With WEYMAN, WEYMAN, STANLEY WEYMAN,  
WEYMAN at my side.

I've donned a "frock" and a "chimney-  
pot,"

And gloves of faultless fit,  
For I seek the haunts where fashion  
flaunts

And airs its grace and wit.  
The fickle fair who dally there  
With swains of high degree

But ope their lips and out there slips  
A sparkling repartee.

Then it's oh! for the glittering, glad-  
some world

As we hail a passing fly,  
Just HAWKINS, HAWKINS, ANTHONY  
HAWKINS,  
ANTHONY HOFE and I.

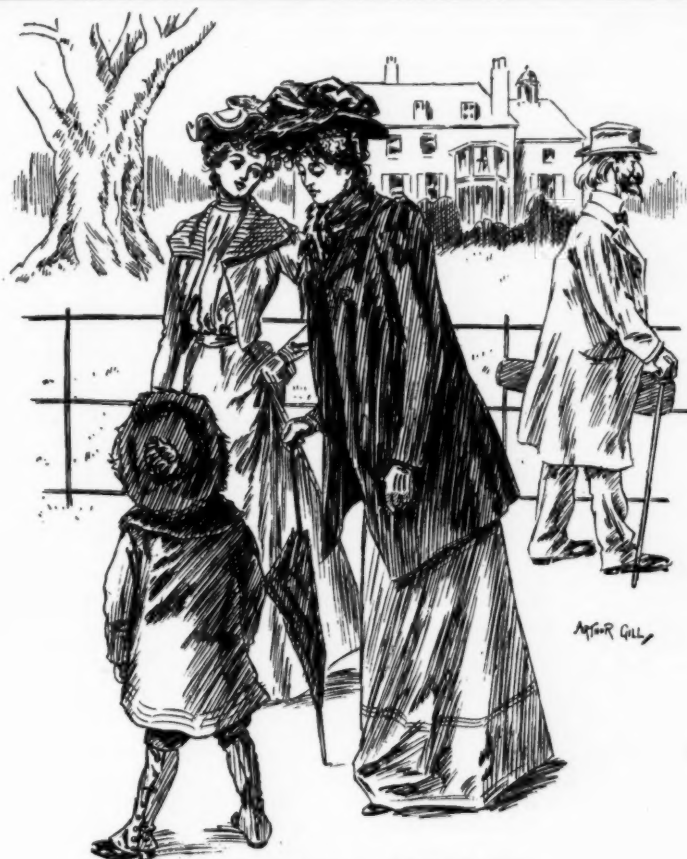
I've donned "me Sabbath suit o'  
blacks"

And a plaid of sober hue,  
That I may confer with the "Meenister,"  
And the "Auld Licht" elders too.  
I've learnt the sense of "ben" and  
"but,"

And have also learnt to love  
Brave-hearted Jess, whose tenderness  
Was born of Heaven above.  
And it's oh! for the welcome lights of  
Thrums,

Where tears and laughter blend,  
With BARRIE, BARRIE, J. M. BARRIE,  
BARRIE for guide and friend.

I've donned a Norfolk suit of grey,  
And a canvas helmet too,  
For I'm off to a land of burning sand  
With Captain Good and crew.



### WHAT TOMMY OVERHEARD.

*Mrs. Jinks.* "THAT'S SIGNOR SCRAPESKI JUST PASSED. HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN LIKE AN ANGEL."

*Tommy.* "MUMMY, DEAR, DO THE ANGELS SAY 'DAM' WHEN A STRING BREAKS?"

We have chosen a long-named Zulu chief  
To share our joys and woes,  
And there isn't a tongue the tribes  
among

But one of the party knows.  
Then it's hey! for the subterranean  
stream

And the queen of a thousand years,  
With HAGGARD, HAGGARD, RIDER HAGGARD,  
To raise and quell our fears.

I've donned a somewhat motley garb  
From cupboard, drawer, and shelf,  
Wherever stored—for I'm off on board  
Of the *Ship that Found Herself*.

I mean to land on India's strand,  
And the sights of Simla see;  
To crack a joke with the jungle folk,  
To carouse with *Soldiers Three*.

So it's oh! for a cruise with vivid views  
Of a bright Imperial realm,  
With KIPLING, KIPLING, RUDYARD KIPLING,  
KIPLING at the helm.

I've donned my "slacks" and a sailor  
cap,  
And a rare old pilot coat,

And early o'clock I'm off to a dock  
Where *Many Cargoes* float.  
My heart grows light at the welcome  
sight

Of the skipper's discontent  
As off we steer in an atmosphere  
Of ambiguous compliment.

Then it's oh! for the cook and the cabin-  
boy,

As away from the wharf we steal,  
With JACOBS, JACOBS, jocular JACOBS,  
JACOBS at the wheel.

Again the garb of a gentleman,  
For I go to join the throng  
Of heroes fair and debonair,  
Or silent, brave and strong.  
Be it Afric's coast, or France, or Spain,  
Or Russia's waste of snow,  
With never a fear of a journey drear,  
I gird myself and go.

Then it's oh! for the womanly, high-  
souled girl,

And the rogue who is underhand,  
With MERRIMAN, MERRIMAN, H. S.  
MERRIMAN,  
MERRIMAN in command.

## THE RIVAL CREWS AT PRACTICE.

(By Our Own Nautical Retainer.)

## SECOND NOTICE.

A CHANGE has to be recorded in the Liberal Combination. On his return to the boat at 7, ROSEBERY had announced his intention of setting a private stroke of his own to the bow oars. As a result, not unforeseen by him, the handle of his oar naturally came into repeated contact with the broad of Stroke's back. This process, which had given promise of proving a source of secret satisfaction to No. 7, who had taken the precaution of casing his knuckles in light kid gloves, had its painful counterpart in the constant bombardment of ROSEBERY's back by HARCOURT at 6. The undoubted gravity of this welter oarsman, as he plunges forward, differs materially from that of the small elephant in the problem, whose weight as it advanced along the inclined plane was for convenience permitted to be regarded as negligible.

Accordingly, on his own initiative, 7 has now replaced Bow, the latter shifting to 3, 3 to 5, and 5 to 7. At his new thwart, with nobody to ram him behind, ROSEBERY enjoys a certain freedom from inconvenience, and from his point of vantage, with the rest of the boat in front of him has greater facilities, as an independent oar, for offering comments on the behaviour of the crew generally. At the same time the difficulties of the bow side, who are expected to take their time from him, are increased by the fact that he is outside the range of their vision. The device of a small hand-mirror affixed to the outriggers of 3, 5, and 7, is to enable them to cope with this difficulty, and gather some vague premonition of what Bow is going to do next.

Appended are the names and latest weights of the crew in their new order of rowing. It will be observed that their recent exertions have somewhat reduced both Stroke and Bow, the latter especially, owing to his having enjoyed a lengthy period of comparative luxury and inertia. On the other hand, No. 6, who, since the retirement of ROSEBERY to the bow thwart, finds a narrower field for his fighting energies, is gaining daily in weight. Cox also has put on a few pounds, having modified his training exercise, which at one time took the form of a sharp run across country in full policeman's uniform. The rest of the crew remain stationary, with the exception of ASQUITH, in whose case the anxieties of his new position are beginning to tell upon a fine physique. These anxieties are largely due to the fact that his stroke is set him from behind, and that the eccentricities of Bow, so far from being always conjecturable beforehand, despite the hand-mirror, are often only to be recognised by the ensuing shock which the boat sustains.

|  | st. | lbs. |
|--|-----|------|
| Bow. Lord Rosebery . . . . .           | 12  | 6    |
| 2. Mr. Bryce . . . . .                 | 9   | 10   |
| 3. Sir E. Grey . . . . .               | 11  | 7    |
| 4. Mr. Morley . . . . .                | 10  | 0    |
| 5. Sir H. Fowler . . . . .             | 12  | 4    |
| 6. Sir W. Harcourt . . . . .           | 17  | 13   |
| 7. Mr. Asquith . . . . .               | 12  | 7    |
| 8. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman . . . . . | 14  | 1½   |
| Cox. Mr. Lloyd-George . . . . .        | 4   | 9    |

Mr. SPENDER, one of the Liberal coaches, is still optimistic, and contends that notwithstanding an apparent divergence of styles, the crew is actually characterised by inherent uniformity. This view, however, is not shared by the *conoscenti*.

Passing to criticism in detail, we may say that Bow is a showy oar, but not a sound worker. He is inclined to sugar when there are no spectators on the bank. He

brought a great reputation from Eton, and would make a good figure-head in any race for which the other crew had scratched. But he has no staying-power for a stern chase. He rather prides himself on a tendency to dig, and is often heard to shout, "More spade work!"

BRYCE at 2 has the advantage of a cosmopolitan experience. He has rowed on the Great Salt Lake (Utah), the Orange River, and the Holy Roman Marshes.

OF No. 3 great things have been predicted. He has a pretty, taking style. But he has not yet proved his watermanship in foul weather. He is obviously uncomfortable in his present surroundings, and it is thought by many that he would be better suited with a seat in the rival crew.

No. 4 has scarcely enough stamina for the Westminster course. He is an honest worker according to his lights, but lacks both *elan* and adaptability. He has an air of abstraction when paddling, as if his heart were elsewhere, and occasionally lets his blade get up behind his ear like a quill pen. Though he has said of himself, "I am a stern, cold oar, and range apart," he really belongs, as we have seen, to the bow end of the boat.

FOWLER at 5 is hereditarily nonconformist, and has full play for his individuality in the present so-called combination.

No. 6 is a veteran challenger, and would sooner compete with the members of his own crew than nobody at all. The immense trampling capacity of his feet is of incomparable service when once they get fixed on the stretcher, but they are apt to break loose and crash through the frail shell of a racing craft. He still sits his full weight, if he does not actually pull it; and the support of his mere presence in such close neighbourhood is the sole remaining source of Stroke's confidence. Since the migration of ROSEBERY from 7 to bow, No. 6 has given his knuckles a well-merited rest.

ASQUITH, the new 7, has a good rowing head and is what is popularly known as a brilliant oar. But it has been generally doubted whether his moral force is equal to the exigencies of a tight struggle. Originally of Spartan habits, he has of late years developed a taste for social ambitions, which has played havoc with his training. His prospects indeed are not what they were. Placed, so to speak, between the devil and the deep sea, with a Stroke (in front) whom he declines to follow, and a Bow (behind) that by the nature of things he cannot follow though he would, he can no longer hope, in the near future, to be in the winning boat, and the most that he can achieve is to assist with the rest of the bow oars in pulling the stroke side round.

Stroke, whose private attitude towards his crew is marked by protestations of unimpaired amity, has made a fair show of adapting himself to the variegated time of the men behind him. His methods are the methods of humanity, and he would not willingly displace the smallest insect on the surface of the water. In consequence, he rows rather light, and once very nearly gave vent to an expression of refined contempt for the habit of digging.

COXSWAIN LLOYD, who has assumed the second name of GEORGE, tutelary saint of England, from motives of patriotism, has drawn most of his experience from Wales. As a result, he handles his lines in the somewhat rough manner of a professional harpoonist. He also makes a point of keeping his rudder hard against the bow-side oars. In this way he raises a lot of water, which is suggestive of the spouting of a cetacean. Though limited in stature, it would greatly annoy him to be mistaken for a Liberal Imp.

In conclusion, it may be said that the dissensions in the Liberal boat, which at one time aroused a certain interest, have now come to be considered tedious to the verge of stupidity; and in regard to the issue of the contest between the rival crews, the public remains fixed in that attitude of indifference which is commonly associated with a foregone conclusion.

O. S.



## FEMININE PINPRICKS.

*Elderly Spinster.* "AH, DEAR JULIA, YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW I DREAD TO THINK OF MY FORTIETH BIRTHDAY!"  
*Julia.* "WHY, DEAR? DID SOMETHING VERY UNPLEASANT HAPPEN THEN?"

## A WELCH RARE-BIT AT TERRY'S.

THE case of a nervous man becoming well-nigh distraught under the overwhelming impression of having been the immediate cause of a friend's death, and frantically assuming a disguise which shall assist him in escaping the attentions of the police, is not a novelty on the stage. Several variations on this theme will occur to the playgoer's, or play-reader's, mind, notably *L'Homme Blasé*, or, as its English title is, *Used Up*, in which CHARLES MATHEWS as *Sir Charles Coldstream* has never been, and never will be, surpassed. The Baronet thinks he has caused the death of a blacksmith, and the blacksmith thinks he has killed *Sir Charles*, both having wrestled and tumbled out of window into the river together.

In *The New Clown*, by H. M. PAULL, *Lord Cyril Garston*, a namby-pamby, effeminate little person, gives his friend *Captain Trent* what Mr. PENLEY's simpering curate would call "quite a nasty knock," which causes him to lose his balance and fall into the river, whereupon *Lord Cyril* imagines he has been the cause of the Captain's death, and one *Thomas Baker* turning up, who is on his way to fulfil an engagement as a clown in a travelling circus, *Lord Cyril*, for a consideration to *Baker*, assumes the name of *Baker*, and, disguised as clown, takes his place in the ring.

Mr. JAMES WELCH, with his quiet, natural humour, is excellent as the highly sensitive little aristocrat masquerading as the new clown; and Mr. CLARENCE BLAKISTON plays to the life the rather bounding *Honble. Jack*, as in the previous piece this same actor had given a curiously close imitation of the manner and appearance of Mr. GILLETTE as the now famous

*Sherlock Holmes*. *En passant*, it must be said, and with truth, of Mr. BLAKISTON, as *Polly Eccles* said of her father, that, "he may have his faults, but he's a very clever man." The disreputable *Thomas Baker* finds a most amusing impersonator in Mr. GEORGE SHELTON; and Mr. JOHN WILLES is precisely the stolid landlord of a riverside inn. The sisters *Maude* and *Winnie Chesterton* are airily played by Miss JANET ALEXANDER and Miss BEATRICE IRWIN.

Miss NINA BOUICAULT gives us a perfect miniature portrait of the impulsive, tender-hearted *Rose*, niece of the circus-proprietor, making of her such a character as CHARLES DICKENS might have imagined.

But the gem of the piece, for which unstinted praise is due both to author and actor, but especially to the latter, is the characterisation of Mr. *Dixon*, circus-proprietor and ring-master, and its perfect impersonation by Mr. EDWARD SASS. His perpetual reiteration of "Now, my lad," and "You know what I mean," in various tones, his professional "airs and graces," which have become part and parcel of his nature, are delightfully portrayed.

Two more of the *dramatis personæ* are quite worthy of honourable mention, the one being *Boy* (no name mentioned, simply "Boy" tout court), by Master LEONARD PARKER, and the other is "The Performing Donkey" (not mentioned in the bills), a real live, highly-trained circus ass, belonging to Mister SASS, whose scene with Mr. JAMES WELCH is one of the funniest in the piece. The introduction of this donkey as one of the principal characters is in strict keeping with the locality in which the action of the piece takes place, namely, "Bray."



## MR. PUNCH'S NATIONAL DRAMAS.

AFTER the Homeric blank verse drama with which *Mr. Punch's National Theatre* opened its season, something lighter seems to be required. The next play, therefore, will belong to the modern Political genre of which Mr. ANTHONY HOPE is the inventor. It is called:—

## TOMLINSON'S TABERNACLE.

ACT I.—SCENE—Sir JOHN MUDDLETON's study in Carlton House Terrace. Mr. VANTROMP, his secretary, is discovered at a large desk opening letters.

*Vantromp (glancing at these as fast as they are opened, reading a sentence, and then casting them aside impatiently).* "Mr. TOMLINSON's political attitude"—Bah! . . . . "After reading Mr. TOMLINSON's speech"—Pish! . . . . "No one can observe Mr. TOMLINSON's views"—Pshaw! (*Opening more rapidly.*) . . . . "Mr. TOMLINSON's patriotism." . . . . "Mr. TOMLINSON's force"—Tut! . . . . TOMLINSON . . . .

TOMLINSON!

*Enter Sir JOHN, a mild, kindly, rather helpless creature.*

*Sir J. (rubbing his hands genially).* Ah, good morning, VANTROMP! Any letters?

*Van.* A few, Sir.

[*Pointing to heap.*]

*Sir J.* And what are they about, eh?

*Van.* Nothing special, Sir—except TOMLINSON.

*Sir J.* TOMLINSON? Ah, yes. Very satisfactory, his return to political life. He's a force, an undeniable force.

*Van.* Yes. But on which side?

*Sir J.* On our side, of course. There are little differences, no doubt, subtle divergences. But Unity, my dear VANTROMP, Unity! Practically, we are agreed on all points.

*Van.* Indeed? I hadn't been able to discover that.

*Sir J.* But his speeches, my dear fellow . . . .

*Van.* Wouldn't it be as well to make sure?

*Sir J.* Perhaps it would. I'll drop in on him at luncheon and sound him. It's just on half-past one. [*Exit cheerily.*]

(*Curtain.*)

ACT II.—SCENE—Mr. TOMLINSON's dining room in Mayfair. Luncheon is on the table. *Enter TOMLINSON and Sir JOHN.*

*Sir J.* Very unceremonious, my dropping in on you in this way, my dear TOMLINSON.

*Tom.* Not at all, Sir JOHN. Delighted to see you. Will you sit there? [*They sit. Luncheon is served.*]

*Sir J.* Delightful day, isn't it?

*Tom.* Very pleasant. Try one of those cutlets.

*Sir J.* Thank you. Thank you.

*Tom. (to footman).* Put the things on the table, MANTON. You needn't wait. [*Exit MANTON.*]

*Sir J.* Your cutlets—er—remarkably good.

*Tom.* My dear Sir JOHN, you have not come all the way from Carlton House Terrace to talk about my cutlets.

*Sir J. (with an uneasy laugh).* No—er—that's true.

*Tom. (ruthlessly).* What have you come to talk about?

*Sir J. (hesitating).* Well—er—it's about your metaphors.

*Tom.* Metaphors?

*Sir J.* Yes—there's a sort of—er—efflorescence about them—don't you think?

*Tom.* Upon my word, I don't know that I do.

*Sir J.* Of course we all desire the Unity of the Party.

*Tom.* No doubt—if there's anything we're united about.

*Sir J. (uneasily).* He! He! Very good. But I thought if there were less—er—efflorescence there might be—er—more Unity. Eh?

*Tom.* I'm sorry you think so. By the way, I don't admire your metaphors either.

*Sir J.* Indeed?

*Tom.* Shall I give you instances?

*Sir J. (hurriedly).* No, no, I think you'd better not. It would hardly tend towards Unity, would it?

*Tom.* My dear Sir JOHN, let me be plain with you. I'm all for Unity so long as it means that you agree with me. But if by Unity you mean that I have got to agree with you, I don't care about the prospect.

*Sir J. (tearfully).* This is very unexpected, very unexpected. (*More sternly.*) I must, however, put to you one question. Do you speak as one in the Tabernacle or outside it?

*Tom. (disgusted).* Another metaphor! I'm outside it.

*Sir J. (in a burst of tenderness).* Ah, my poor friend! That lonely furrow again!

*Tom.* No. Spadework. And I'm not alone, either.

*Sir J. (wringing his hands).* And I thought we were such a United Party. [*Exit mournfully.*]

(*Curtain.*)

ACT III.—SCENE—Sir JOHN's study. VANTROMP still at his desk writing.

*Van.* Four o'clock! (*Yawns.*) The chief's a long time over that luncheon. [*Returns to his writing.*]

*Enter Sir JOHN.* He looks less cheery than he did earlier in the day and sinks into chair limply.

*Sir J.* I've seen TOMLINSON.

*Van.* Pleasant luncheon?

*Sir J.* Not at all.

*Van. (glancing at clock).* It lasted some time.

*Sir J.* Less than an hour. I've been walking since, trying to collect my thoughts.

*Van.* TOMLINSON not very genial?

*Sir J.* He breaks with us definitely.

*Van.* Didn't you reason with him? Didn't you point out the necessity of Unity, the moral beauty of agreeing to differ? Didn't you show him that in politics the difference between black and white was more apparent than real.

*Sir J.* I did all that. But it was useless. With revolting cynicism he said that his conception of Unity was my agreeing with him, not his agreeing to differ from me.

*Van.* Monster!

*Sir J. (almost weeping).* And after all my speeches too! After I've proved again and again in public meetings that our views, though apparently contradictory, were in reality identical. It's heart-breaking!

*Van. (with great disgust).* This comes of cleaning one's slate!

*Sir J. (ruefully).* I shouldn't have minded his cleaning his slate. But I object to his breaking it over my head. I call such proceedings methods of barbarism.

*Van. (much alarmed).* Hush! Hush!

*Sir J.* I use the phrase in a political sense.

*Van. (frostedly).* I think, perhaps, it would be better not to use it at all in future.

*Sir J.* Perhaps you're right. But it's a deprivation. I own it's a deprivation.

*Van.* Indeed, I think it might be more prudent to avoid all figurative expressions just now.

*Sir J. (in a burst of emotion).* So I suggested to TOMLINSON. "Let us give up metaphors," I said. But he didn't agree with me. He didn't seem even to want to agree with me!

*Van.* Surly fellow!

*Sir J.* But there, I can't trust myself to speak of it. I shall go and lie down. And remember, VANTROMP, I'm not at home to anyone. Mind, to anyone!

[*Exit in a flood of tears.*]  
(*Curtain.*)

THE ROYAL VISIT TO DEVONSHIRE.—Their Majesties, it is reported, on their return from the West, expressed themselves highly delighted with the manner in which they were received by the *crème de la crème* of Devonshire society.



## PLEASURE PLUS PROFIT.

THE Bulgarian Bandit Co., Limited, beg to call attention to their arrangements for providing authors with enjoyable Easter vacations. Absolutely free accommodation is offered for literary men and women, as all expenses will be met by public subscriptions and Government grants. And those who avail themselves of this opportunity will be able subsequently to dispose of their work for prices hitherto beyond their wildest dreams. At the present moment, for example, twenty-five American publishers are bidding against one another for the privilege of obtaining copy from Miss STONE. The moral, for all writers desirous of increasing their incomes, is obvious.

We have chartered special steamers for our clients, leaving London once a week, and parties can be promptly kidnapped on the frontier between the hours of ten and six (Saturdays, ten to one). The operation will be performed painlessly by experts. If a grand dramatic kidnapping is required—which can be worked up afterwards into a striking article—a small fee is charged. This includes brandishing of swords, firing of guns, hire of a few Turkish soldiers to be put to flight, and attendance of a competent photographer.

The patrons of the Bulgarian Bandit Co. will be comfortably lodged in highly eligible caves. It is undesirable to describe their exact situation, but they are in the midst of most picturesque scenery, and are fitted with every convenience, including all the literary journals, typewriters, and rhyming dictionaries. The diet, consisting principally of figs and fried goat, is noted for its tonic properties. The poems and stories written upon it have a unique flavour, highly esteemed by editors.

While it is impossible to allow our clients to conduct their own correspondence, other than letters relating to the dispatch of ransom, a bandit of superior intelligence is prepared to act as the literary agent of authors taking up their abode with us. He will be in direct communication with all the best publishing houses, and will either sell poems and descriptive sketches to the utmost advantage, or, if events should unfortunately make this necessary, will edit an author's work for posthumous publication, together with a preface describing the fortitude with which he met his end.

The scale of ransom will be by arrangement. It will be due within one month of capture, and we offer a liberal discount for cash. Should it be not forthcoming within a further



Miss Prim (with the welfare of the working man at heart, and a strong antipathy to tobacco, sweetly, to labourer resting). "NOW, MY GOOD MAN, YOU KNOW WE SHOULD ALL TRY TO GIVE UP SOMETHING IN THE PENITENTIAL TIME OF LENT." (Engagingly.) "WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP SOMETHING? EH?"

Labourer (stoutly). "YES, MARM, I SHOULD."

Miss Prim. "I'M SO GLAD! AND WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO GIVE UP?"

Labourer (readily). "WORK!"

period of three months, we shall be compelled to put the author to death, in order to meet expenses. In this case, however, he will be allowed to compose his own epitaph. Our ransom-rates are studiously moderate, comparing most favourably with those of any other bandits or brigands.

Poets and dramatists will be welcomed, as well as novelists, compilers of time-tables, and other writers of fiction.

Should any attempt at a premature "rescue" be made by military forces, authors will be expected to aid in repelling the attack by reciting portions of their own works.

Owing to the impossibility of obtaining ransom for them, we must decline to receive critics as our guests.

Since the number of our visitors is sure to be very large, all who wish to be kidnapped about Easter should write to secure a cave without delay.



*Aged Criminal (who has just got a life sentence). "OH, ME LUD, I SHALL NEVER LIVE TO DO IT!"*  
*Judge (sweetly). "NEVER MIND. DO AS MUCH OF IT AS YOU CAN!"*

### A CITY IDYLL.

[The Academy invited its readers to turn some prose of a well-known Canon into sonnet form. "This suggests," says a contemporary, "new possibilities in the production of verse, founded on the principle of the division of labour."]

In gold "no movement" at the Bank to-day!  
 Yet silver "shows a fractional advance";  
 De Beers are "weak on further sales from France";  
 In Kaffirs "prices tend to fall away."

Consols—now quoted ex—again betray  
 A languid tendency; men eye askance  
 Home rails, which to investors give a chance  
 Who venture common courage to display.

Abroad stagnation reigns, but "Spanish Fours"  
 Are pressed for sale and show "a slight decline";  
 One sixteenth lower they put down Mysore;  
 Discounts "close firm" at two-three-quarters fine;  
 Then a wild rumour of some Boer defeat  
 Gives a faint spurt to "business in the street."

"THE LITTLE LESS, AND WHAT WORLDS AWAY!"

"General OSMAN PASHA, son of the Kurdish chief, BEDRAHAN PASHA, was to-day sentenced to death by the Criminal Court. The sentence will be commuted to one of interment (*sic*) in perpetuity."—*Westminster Gazette*, March 6.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Papa says that Lord ROSEBURY has given the Bannermaniacs a nasty knock, and please I want to know if the Bannermaniacs are the people that sing songs in the park on Sundays, and carry such lots of lovely banners, *all different*. I thought they was called teetotalums.  
 Your little friend, EILEEN.

### NEGLECTED!

"THE King has decided that eighteen representatives of the ancient Cinque Ports shall be invited to assist at the Coronation." Thus was it stated in the *D.T.*'s "Day by Day" column. The list is headed by Dover and ends with Margate. What a snub for Ramsgate! GEORGE THE FOURTH embarked at Ramsgate for his beloved Hanover, and an Obelisk commemorates both his departure and return. Thenceforth Ramsgate was "Royal Ramsgate." The Duchess of KENT and her late Majesty before she was Queen resided in Ramsgate. The oldest inhabitants can point out the Royal Residence, and an inscription is, we believe, still extant on the little dairy whence was brought every morning the fresh milk for the Duchess's and the Princess VICTORIA's early breakfast. And now is "Royal Ramsgate" to be left out in the cold, while Margate is honoured with an invitation to the Coronation? Oh, too cruel! Sir WOLLASTON KNOCKER, Registrar of Cinque Ports, must be informed by a deputation from Ramsgate that this sort of thing isn't "up to the knocker" at all.

### AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

(A Scene in the Near Future.)

*Stage Manager (to Assistant).* They are calling for the Author. Is the iron curtain down?

*Assistant.* Yes, Sir.

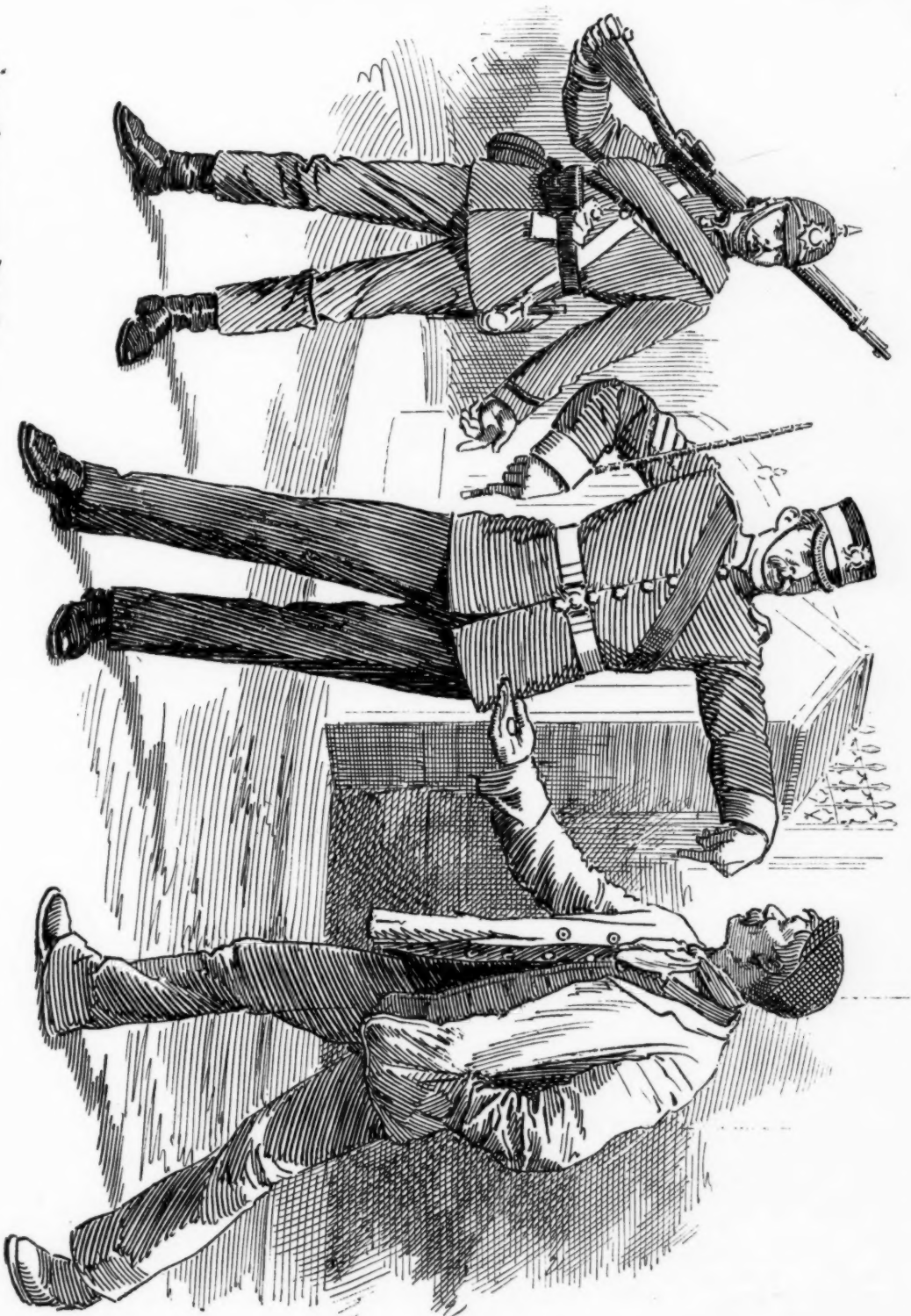
*Stage Man.* And the emergency exits open?

*Assist.* Yes, Sir.

*Stage Man.* Is the Author in his coat of mail?

*Assist.* Yes, Sir. Two supers are holding him.

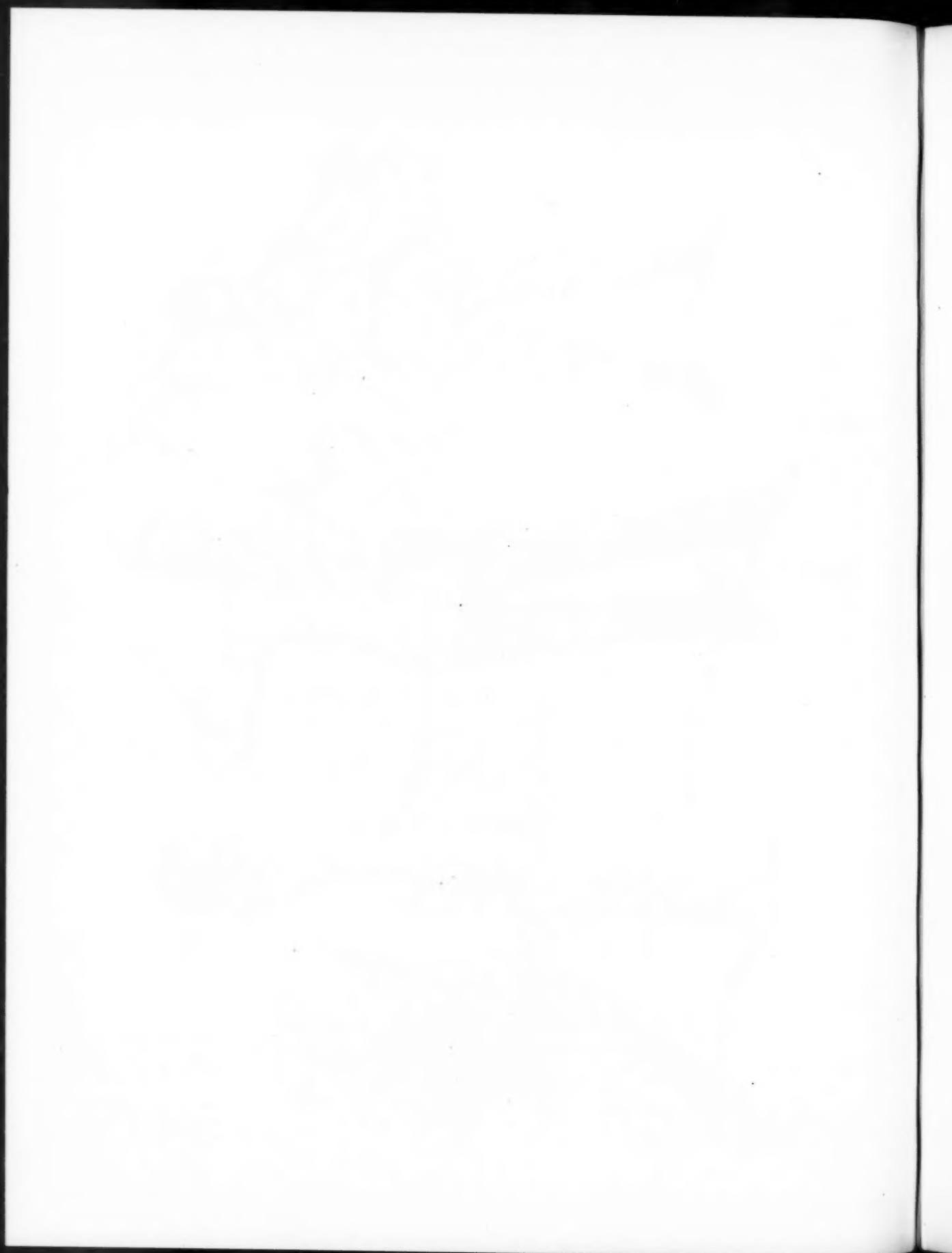
*Stage Man.* I think we might venture to put him in front. I insured his life last week.



*Sidney S. Newman*

### THE KING'S SHILLING.

LINE RECRUIT (with shilling from SERGEANT BRIDGEMAN). "WHAT! A SHILLIN' A DAY CLEAR! ALL RIGHT, GUVNOR, I'M ON!"  
VOLUNTEER (aside). "AH! EXTRA HALF-PENCE FOR HIM, EXTRA KICKS FOR ME!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



THE AUTOMATIC CASE-HARDENED "RUNNING-MAN."

For testing the shooting efficiency of the Volunteers.

Mr. B-bby Sp-ne-r.

Mr. Br-dr-ck.

Col. Sir H-x-rd V-ne-nt.

Col. D-nny.

House of Commons, Monday, March 3rd.—No man enjoys a joke more heartily than CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. He can make 'em and take 'em. But there are some things that are no joke. One is, getting behind a fellow's back in his constituency and attempting to stab him. This happened at King's Lynn the other day when the CAP'EN hove in sight and mustered his constituency on the quarter-deck. The CAP'EN a dangerous customer to play tricks with. Quick as lightning his supple hand was on the wrist of his assailant whom he dragged forth into light of day.

To-night assault more openly renewed in House. Good Ministerialists can't understand a man marching under Government flag having a mind of his own and presuming to exercise it.

"Some of 'em," growled the old salt, in moment of rare irritation, "haven't got the mind to begin with."

ST. MICHAEL, unimproved by the companionship of All Angels, tried on little game with Committee of Supply; submitted innocent looking Vote of £100, which, carried, would include unauthorised appropriation for war services of a round million. The CAP'EN's eagle eye

pierced the cunningly-woven device. Rising with patriotic intent to expose it, he was greeted with impatient clamour from below gangway to his right. Slowly turning, he surveyed the riotous throng. He spake not a word; only looked them up and down. But there was ominous quivering of the mailed fist; audible, tremulous movement of the timbered adjunct that does duty for the leg "left in Badajos' breaches" when his assailants' grandfathers were puling in the nursery. Effect remarkable. Silence suddenly fell over noisy throng.

Having thus by a glance quelled incipient mutiny, the CAP'EN went on demonstrating irregularity of CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, whose look of boyish innocence is worth an extra £500 a year to salary of Financial Secretary to the Treasury, persuasively replied. The CAP'EN said no more; like DON JOSÉ and, by odd coincidence, the German Chancellor, what he had said he had said. After a while ST. MICHAEL, conscience-stricken, interposed, and withdrew the Vote, thus triumphantly vindicating the CAP'EN's prescience and judgment.

Business done.—London Water Bill read second time and sent to Joint Committee.

Tuesday night.—DON JOSÉ in fire form to-night. His blazing indignation shrivels up the CHANNINGS and other conies ("the conies are but a feeble folk"). HUMPHREYS-OWEN moves vote of censure on Government for, of all things in the world, their infinite and costly solicitude for the abandoned Boer families gathered within the fold of the Refugee Camps. HUMPHREYS-OWEN the mildest man that ever cut a fellow-countryman's throat with insinuation or accusation of cowardly cruelty. Taken altogether, is of the best type of this peculiar class of citizen. White-haired, snow-bearded, soft-voiced, low-spoken, with countenance of almost sheepish kindness, if his head lacks something in clearness of intellectual vision his heart is all right. Even his heart has no room for recognition of the humane services of his brethren at the front, weary with overwork, tireless in endeavour to make things comfortable for the nation's strange guests. He has no cheer for Tommy Atkins sharing his rations with the

frowsy fraus, or helping to bring about the state of things described by Mrs. FAWCETT (who certainly did not go forth to bless the Camps) wherein the Boer children are "happier than they ever were in their own homes."

"Since war began," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, "there has never been seen to the credit of a nation so fine a thing as these homes on the veld, sheltering the wives and children of the men we are fighting. That they add a cost of £180,000 a month to the burden of the war is nothing. It is the conception of the generous idea, its painstaking carrying-out, that make it unique in the world's history. Fancy I can see NAPOLEON'S face had the idea been suggested to him in Italy or in Spain. Don't remember it recommending itself to our own CROMWELL in Ireland. Not certain that WELLINGTON in analogous circumstances would have welcomed it. Voluntarily to relieve the foe of the embarrassment of home-cares and camp followers was not part of his plan of campaign."

DON JOSÉ, bubbling over with honest indignation, defended men and officers at the front besmirched by the hands of brethren comfortably regarding scene from antimacassared arm-chairs in best parlours at home. Touch of comedy given to almost tragic episode by the regular, automatic uprising of meek-visaged HUMPHREYS-OWEN, explaining that he hadn't said something no one had attributed to him. It is hard on a man in the full flow of impassioned speech to be interrupted by a mildly-spoken person who obviously has not caught the drift of his remarks. At first when interruption came, DON JOSÉ, checked midway in sentence, turned and glared at the irrelevant gentleman as if he would have consumed him with the fire of his anger. Something so pathetic about Member for Montgomeryshire—he looked so like an elderly moth dazed in the sunlight—that DON JOSÉ relented, suffering his inconsequential buzzing, not gladly but with marvellous restraint.

*Business done.*—ST. JOHN BRODRICK explained latest phase of Army Reform. Tommy Atkins will have shorter service and higher pay.

*Thursday night.*—Rather a painful scene in House on Tuesday night when ST. JOHN BRODRICK was introducing Army Estimates. Spoke disrespectfully of Volunteers. If it had been the Equator, HOWARD VINCENT wouldn't have minded; the Volunteers are *une autre paire de manches*. Is not he the representative, almost the embodiment, of the Volunteer Corps? Would next have SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR speaking slightly of Member for Central Sheffield.

To tell the truth the gallant Colonel

is a little ruffled in temper just now. Ever full of patriotic ardour, he offered to take the part of the Champion at forthcoming Coronation. The mediaeval person, with his coat of mail, his gauntlet and his Norman-English, all very well in his time. That time gone by. A much gallanter figure would be the Colonel of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers, in his becoming grey suit, mounted on a bay charger. Proposal snubbed, just as if it had been a fresh plan of Protection submitted to CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. On top of this disappointment comes ST. JOHN BRODRICK sneering at the Volunteers, telling funny stories to their belittlement. More than a Knight of the German Crown and the Crown of Italy (not to drag in Central Sheffield) could stand.

Whilst BRODRICK spoke there suddenly opened from the rear what, in a moment of guilty fright, he took for discharge of a Pompom. Only HOWARD VINCENT rebuking ill-timed frivolity. BRODRICK nervously declared he hadn't meant anything. H. V. not to be put off with phrases. In deepened voice renewed protest. BRODRICK attempted to continue his speech. H. V. barred the way. Excitement grew on crowded benches. Wasn't this a military offence? Might a Colonel of Volunteers, on parade as it were, beard the civil Head of the British Army?

Irish Members sat up alert, attentive. Supposed this wasn't matter for the police; that an arm of the Service reserved for them. What here seemed most appropriate was the marching in of a corporal's guard, and the marching forth, under arrest, of the mutinous Colonel. Happily storm blew over. Only temporary surcease. To-night Colonels and Captains of Volunteers, under command of H. V., made attack in force on SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, who finally capitulated. Explained, after the manner of *Benedick*, that when on Tuesday he poked fun at the Volunteer he did not think he would live till Thursday to recognise in him the pink of military perfection, the worthy comrade of the veteran soldier.

"Nor did I," muttered Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, V.C., furtively withdrawing charge from a six-barrel revolver made in Germany.

*Business done.*—House got into Committee on Army Estimates.

*Friday night.*—Day by day through the revolving seasons F. C. G. delights the world by his sketches in the *Westminster Gazette*. For freshness, originality, humour, and piercing point, the series is unrivalled. In *Froissart's Modern Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN), he excels himself. Has carried out with delightful effect the happy

thought of environing men of the twentieth century with the costume and other circumstance of the fourteenth. The combination, more especially in connection with DON JOSÉ, can, especially now it is done, be easily imagined. Next to DON JOSÉ, F. C. G. delights in the MARKISS, who here grandly figures drawn from picture in a stained-glass window.

Is not alone successful in admirable facial portraits. By certain subtle strokes he reproduces, with touch of caricature that does not mar the faithfulness of portraiture, familiar gestures and attitudes. Like all effort of high art it looks easy enough when done. Is really outcome of long, patient study. To draw men in the House of Commons, whether with pencil or pen, it is necessary to live in the place, be impregnated with its atmosphere. These conditions F. C. G. has for many years fulfilled. By this time he knows every look or gesture of the principal subjects of his study.

Where all is good it is hard to particularise. The MEMBER FOR SARK especially delights in the cartoon showing SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM promising Old Age Pensions to the People, (JESSE COLLINGS as the squire is delicious); SIR JOSEPH and others rejecting the counsel of SIR GLADSTONE LE GRAND (observe the face and attitude of Mr. COURTNEY); and a small but delightful sketch of Irishmen fighting, with marvellous portraits of WILLIAM O'BRIEN and TIM HEALY.

*Business done.*—Still in Committee on Army Estimates.

#### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



"FATHER has his faults, but he's a very clever man," is a line in *Caste* with which POLLY ECCLES always used to fetch the house. It is evident from MR. WALTER FREWEN LORD'S article, "An Apostle of Mediocrity," in the *March Nineteenth Century*, that he is a very clever man. It is also evident that he has his faults as a critic. The article is a long indictment of THACKERAY—for what? For not doing what he never professed to do. The charge urged at such length against him is that he did not truly "represent the social life of his century," but merely certain types of it, in many cases "ludicrous or disreputable" types. The reply is that—unlike BALZAC—THACKERAY did not aim at picturing the social life of his century. He was a satirist: and a satirist naturally dwells chiefly upon the seamy side of things: that is his vocation: nor is he tied to strict accuracy—to exact presentment of the facts. There



PING-PONG AT THE BROWNIE CLUB.



is onesidedness, there is exaggeration, there is caricature, in THACKERAY'S satire, as there is in all good satire. It is the keen and vivacious railing of an accomplished man of the world "who, without method, talks us into sense." Mr. LORD'S indictment might be urged with equal reason—or unreason—against ARISTOPHANES, JUVENAL, SWIFT, POPE, and all the great masters of the art. And to say that is to indicate sufficiently that Mr. LORD has his faults as a critic—though he is a very clever man.

*Cecil Rhodes* (BLACKWOOD), by HOWARD HENSMAN, is a somewhat matter-of-fact narrative of one of the most notable careers of the nineteenth century. It is written from the outside point of view, containing none of those touches possible only to a biographer who has studied his subject from intimate personal acquaintance. Happily the topic is so fascinating, the points of interest so wide, that even work frankly done on this plan cannot fail to be attractive. To a considerable extent the book is a record of the later history of South Africa. There are several illustrations, including a pretty picture of Groot Schuur, Mr. RHODES'S residence near Cape Town. My Baronite sees again the spacious stoep where, far into nights of South African summer, he has sat listening to CECIL RHODES talking—not about gold or diamonds, or even a trunk line of rail from Cape Town to Cairo, but of English literature in the reign of Queen ANNE and the statecraft that marked the makers and rulers of the early Roman Empire. THE BARON DE B-W.

#### AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

##### IV.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP, an American, who described herself as a Verulamianiac, and gave an address at Ham Common, was charged with ignoring *Lee's majesté*, in that she had alleged in public prints that Mr. SIDNEY LEE could do wrong, and that SHAKESPEARE was BACON. She was also charged with *milching mallocko*, an old indictable offence dating from the reign of Queen Mab.

The prisoner asserted in Gay and Bird-like tones that she had never heard of Mr. LEE. Very likely there was no such person. She had no doubt that if she were to examine one of his books she would find evidence of other authorship.

She would repeat with even more emphasis her old assertion to the effect that after reading SHAKESPEARE'S first folio at breakfast she found distinct traces of BACON on the leaves.

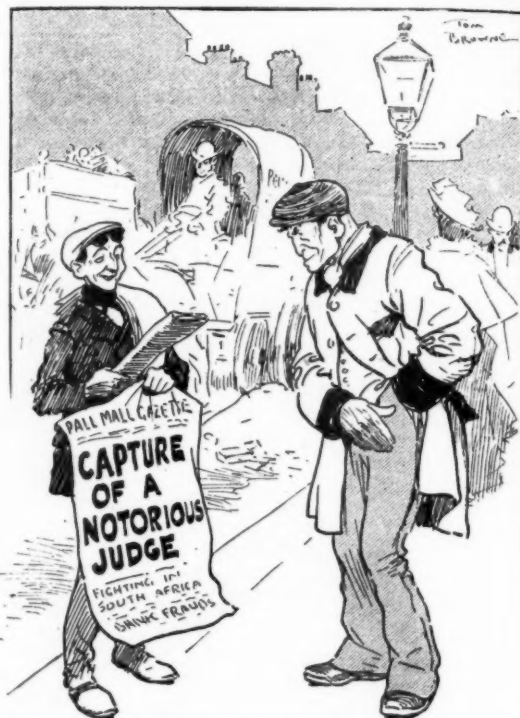
The first folio being produced in Court, Mr. LEE denied that it contained traces of BACON. The marks, he contended, were the result of margarine.

Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, statistician, said that he had carefully counted all the italics in the twenty-six first folios of SHAKESPEARE which Mr. LEE had placed at his disposal. The total was 15,641,616. These figures, it will be seen, can be divided into 1564 and 1616, the birth and death dates of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (*Sensation.*) The contention set up by Mrs. GALLUP that this was the precise number of hairs on Queen ELIZABETH'S head and in Lord BACON'S beard had been proved to be unsound on the authority of Mr. TRUEFIT, who declared that the entire annals of capillary literature went to establish 750,403 as the maximum number of hairs on an individual head, and 240,718 in a beard. (*Applause in Court, which was at once suppressed.*)

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Professor of Singing, was next called. He declared emphatically that BACON never agreed with him.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON, Baconian expert, affirmed that if any of his young men offered copies of the *Temple Shakspeare* in place of rashers, his customers would all leave him.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK gave evidence on behalf of the prisoner. His attention, he said, had first been drawn to the



#### TIME'S REVENGES.

*Bill Sikes* (with grim satisfaction, being unaware that the paper refers to Judge Koch, late of the Transvaal Bench, and recently taken prisoner in the field). "ERE, MITE, I'LL TIKKE A PEN'ORTH O' THAT!"

interesting theory by a letter in cipher, which he had received from her. After obtaining the key from the *De Augmentis*, he discovered her missive to run as follows: "You ask, 'Is life worth living?' To which I answer, It depends on the liver—and BACON!"

After further evidence, the Bench found Mrs. GALLUP guilty on both counts, and sentenced her to read through the *Dictionary of Rational Bi-Hography*.

GEORGE EARLE BUCKLE, 49, who described himself as editor of the *Times*, was charged with entering Swinford Old Manor, the residence of Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, burglariously, with felonious intent.

A constable having proved the arrest, the prisoner was asked what he had to say for himself.

He thereupon entered upon a long statement. He said that his motive in entering the Laureate's abode was one of pure curiosity. The desire to see if Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, the "A. A." who wrote to the *Times*, really had in his desk better verses than *The Islanders*, was quite irresistible. It was a feeling, he felt confident, that he shared with thousands. He therefore procured a dark lantern, a suit of khaki and a domino, and filling his flask with JAMESON'S Best, he hurried to Ashford. After a round on the local links to compose his nerves, he approached the house. Having observed from the last bunker that the Royal Standard was floating over the donjon keep, he recognised the necessity for supreme caution. Eluding the seneschal—who was surreptitiously tasting the new pipe of Malmsey which had just arrived from the Windsor cellars—he rapidly and silently made his way beneath the raised portcullis to *Veronica's* bower, and was just breaking open her ormolu escritoire when the poet



rushed in fresh from spade work amongst the savoyards, and dislodged him with a well-directed bunch of Neapolitan triolets.

Mr. BUCKLE, his efforts frustrated, at once left the neighbourhood, and five days later was run to earth at Printing House Square by a Scotland Yard sleuth-hound.

The Bench dismissed the case, expressing their lively admiration of Mr. BUCKLE's public-spirited enterprise.

### AU VOLEUR!

IN view of recent robberies on French railways it may be useful to suggest a few rules for travellers from Calais to the South. No longer can the initials of the Paris-Lyon-Méditerranée be interpreted as meaning "*Pour la mort.*" It would be more accurate to say at the present time "*Perdre la monnaie.*" except that, unfortunately, it is not only the change that goes, if one goes for a change, but bank notes and all. As for the "N" of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, it may well mean "*Néant,*" or "nothing," which is what you have in your pocket at the end of the journey.

If you are travelling in an ordinary compartment the golden rule is never to fall asleep. If you run a pin into the calf of your leg at regular intervals of five minutes you will easily keep awake. Only you must exercise great care, if you become at all fatigued and drowsy, not to run it into your neighbour's calf. A Frenchman, especially an elderly one, would be likely to show unreasonable irritation on such an occasion.

If, on the other hand, you are travelling in a corridor carriage, the golden, nay more, the diamond rule, is always to get out last. It is true that some difficulty would be caused if all the passengers insisted on doing this, but by steadfastly refusing to do otherwise you may be left behind somewhere, or carried on beyond your destination, but you cannot have your pocket picked.

These are elementary precautions. If during the journey any fellow-traveller should make any remark to you—such as "*Pardon,*" or "*permettez, monsieur,*" or "*il y a un couvant d'air,*" or "*oserai-je vous offrir un journal*"—you will at once reply in English, tapping your coat pocket, in which you have placed a flask or other small object bulging out just enough, "I don't speak French, and I don't know what you are talking about, but here I have my revolver." This *crescendo*, so as to emphasise the last word, the only one the Frenchman would understand. If this statement should be misunderstood as a threat and bring you into the hands of the police, you have only to produce your pocket-flask to show that it was all a mistake. The first remark



He. "HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. WEST! I'VE BEEN INTENDING CALLING ON YOU FOR SOME TIME; BUT SOMEHOW I'VE BEEN SO BUSY I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO."

She. "I'M DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT, MR. HARDUPP. I HOPE YOU'LL CONTINUE TO BE BUSY!"

of any stranger being met in this way, it is improbable that anyone will get so far as to offer you a cigar. Should this happen, you have only to snatch his whole cigar-case and throw it out of the window, which might possibly cause some slight unpleasantness, even though you explained that it dropped out by accident, but would certainly save you from being drugged. You would, of course, do the same with any sandwich-box, fruit-basket, flask, wine-bottle or other refreshment case, though here again your fellow-traveller, if irritable, might protest.

It has been thought that perfect safety could be ensured by wearing a Life Guard's breastplate and a diver's helmet. Though an excellent protection, these articles of attire might not be altogether comfortable for a night journey, and might feel a little warm beyond Marseilles.

There is only one absolutely sure system, and that is to put your bank notes into your boots, made very large for the purpose. Even then you must exercise some care, and, if you go in the sleeping-car, you must take your boots into bed with you.

## OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

IV.

I CAME home one evening to a deserted hearth: GWEN and Nig had fled. I was not without an inkling of the truth, as for the past week our evenings had been spent discussing the *impasse*, for it was no longer only Nig that was cut in the passage. AUGUSTA would not give warning and we could not give notice, so our imaginations had been at work to devise some other method of depriving ourselves of her society. Should I be seized with an unaccustomed patriotism and go out to South Africa at the request of Lord KITCHENER to play TYRREUS to our despairing troops? Should GWENDOLEN, who had never known a pain, be ordered by the doctor to winter in the South of France? Should we suddenly inherit those unclaimed millions which family tradition suggested were ours? Admiring the plausibility of all these inspirations, we had been quite unable to decide which merited the palm of victory; but I now gathered that some crisis had hastened GWENDOLEN'S award.

While I pondered these things, a letter written at Victoria arrived from GWEN. AUGUSTA'S mood of aggressively silent martyrdom had become intolerable, and GWEN, uncertain of Nig's reception elsewhere, had gone to seek refuge with LYDIA (a doggy friend, who lived in a remote village three miles from a station). She was not to return until assured of AUGUSTA'S departure from London.

Determined to take the bull by the horns, I swallowed a glassful of Dutch courage and strode across the passage to the kitchen.

"AUGUSTA," I began, "I—I—I—the fact is, I've had a letter from your mistress."

AUGUSTA looked at me in some surprise, and I had an unpleasant feeling that she thought I had been drinking. To corroborate my words I held up the letter.

"She says—that is to say, your mistress says—that she has had to leave the house, AUGUSTA, because you have been so—so—well, so melancholy lately."

I was painfully conscious that I was not putting my case so strongly as I could have wished, and also that AUGUSTA'S suspicion was rapidly becoming conviction. I waited for her to

## FAMILIAR PHRASES ILLUSTRATED.



"TAKES A LOT O' BEATIN'?"

make some remark, but she would do nothing to help me.

"We've been so—so—so—, because you've been so—so—so—. What I mean to say is, here's a month's wages and your fare to Scotland, and your mistress says you are to go home to-morrow."

Had a thunderbolt fallen at her feet AUGUSTA could not have looked more surprised.

"I don't understand, Sir," she began, and burst into floods of tears.

"Well, you see," I faltered, beginning to feel that I had been a brute. "Your mistress is rather a—rather a—rather a—"

"I love her as a sister," sobbed AUGUSTA, "or I would never have come so far from home, and if you hadn't suited me I would have left long ago."

"Oh!" I was fast becoming even less articulate. "Yes, yes, to be sure, of course you would. D—don't! please don't do that!"

The sobs became louder. I patted her gently on the back.

"Look here, AUGUSTA! I'll tell you what I'll do. As soon as I can, I'll go off to your mistress and talk to her, and try and bring her home, and Nig too."

"The d-d-dear wee doggie that I l-l-loved!"

"Well, well, never mind! Have a drop of brandy and go to bed like a good girl. We'll see what to-morrow brings forth."

In the morning a second letter arrived. Finding that LYDIA was away from home, GWEN had been obliged to seek shelter in a wayside inn.

I took a holiday and hurried off in search of my family. The rain poured down in torrents, and I found GWEN and Nig shivering opposite each other on either side of a cheerless smoking fire. Nig had not a bark left in him, and as for GWEN, she could only gasp, "When is the first train home?"

Our three-mile walk to the station was trudged in muddy silence. When at length we got into our carriage and the train started, GWENDOLEN asked me, "Is she gone?"

"N-n-no, not exactly. You see—"

GWENDOLEN sighed.

"She was frightfully upset, GWEN. I hadn't the heart to send her."

GWEN leant back in the carriage and closed her eyes. "I suppose I'll have to do it after all."

When we got home, I opened the door noiselessly and smuggled GWENDOLEN into bed. From this coign of vantage she thought she would be better able to tackle AUGUSTA.

"Send her in, JACK. I mean to be very dignified."

Presently, I heard hysterical sobs bursting from the bedroom, and when AUGUSTA at length withdrew I went in to learn what had happened.

For some time GWENDOLEN was speechless. In the convulsed and quivering heap before me I sought in vain for any trace of the promised dignity.

"Have you done it, dear?" I whispered gently.

"O JACK, she stroked my hand and t-t-told me not to m-m-m-mind. She says she's g-g-going—"

"Going? Of course she's going."

"T-t-t to stay!"

## In the City.

Friend (utterly astonished, to despondent S. African (reputed) Millionaire). You—hard up for the "ready"? My dear fellow, absolutely, I can't realise—

R. S. A. M. (cutting in quickly). Just so. I can't "realise."

A "SPORTING AND LITERARY" correspondent writes: "Sir, in the *King* appeared last week a capital picture representing 'Ambush II. with Anthony Up.' Please, Sir, who is 'ANTHONY UP'? Is it intended for 'ANTHONY HOPE'?" [We would rather not express any opinion.—Ed.]